

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A

Papist and a Quaker.

1679.

QUAKER.

MY Friend, well met, I wonder where thou'st been!
 What hast thou flow'n for fear thou should'st
 Sure thy Religion en't so good as ours (be seen
 We fear no Magistrates, nor higher Powers;
 The Light within us now so brightly shines;
 That now methinks thy Tapers much declines;
 Yea, Yea, my Friend it is without all doubt,
 Our Light within, that puts your Tapers out!
 I find my Friend, that you have not a Lay Man,
 That can compare with any yea and nay Man.

PAPIST.

Why do you tax me for forsaking those?
 Who if they find me will my Corps dispose,
 First to the Gallows, thence unto the Gates,
 Where some of our Saints have had their Fates;
 There to be plac'd unto the view of such,
 Who if there were a thousand, would not grutch,
 But laughing say, here is the Corps of those,
 That would our King most willingly depose;
 Forth from his Throne, and made it their Delight;
 To Rob poor English Protestants of Right.

QUAKER.

Why dost thou think that we have no Design?
 To make our power full as great as thine!

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What though we do hold forth the *Pope* is naught,
 And that no *Bulls* nor *Pardons* can be bought,
 You I find our *Faith* will prove to be as good
 As yours; who by the public's understood;
 Before those people *Protestants* we roar,
 And do exclaim, and say the *Pope's* a *Whore*
 Of *Babylon*, yet you shall find, A
 That we are clearly of another mind.

P A P I S T.

Well done my Friend, it is great Policy
 To cloak such choise Designs by secrecy;
 You by pretended Zeal have such a wile,
 That may poor simple *Protestants* beguile.
 They take you though you'r *Wolves*, to be but *Sheep*,
 And think by such they may securely sleep;
 Not thinking such poor *Innocents* can be,
 Such plotting, Firing, Blood-suckers as we.
 When if they should but search, I fear they'd find,
 That ye are *Wolves*, for murdering *Sheep* design'd.

Q U A K E R Y.

I pray thee Friend, now do but mind the Light
 Which is within us, and doth shine so bright;
 It doth put out the Light of others Eyes,
 That they poor Souls, can see their Enemies.
 They are deluded by our yea and nay,
 And think we always mean as we do say;
 But they will find unto their Detriment,
 That we to ruine them are fully bent,
 And only cloak our great Designs by wiles,
 As Crafty *Faulconers* harmless birds beguiles.

P A P I S T.

I find my Brother, you as Guilty are,
 Of that which *Protestants* pretends a Snare;
 I aid by us only, whom I must confess,
 Were the contrivers of this wickedness;
 Whilst ye assist us with this fine pretence,
 That ye are mirrours of all innocence,

Which

Which they believe, whil'ft ye do lye perdue,
Upon the Scout to hear what Plot is new ;
Which when ye secretly do underftand,
You will not fail to lend your helping hand.

QUAKER.

My Friend I tell thee for thy future good,
I wonder much thou haft not understood,
With what obfcurity we do design,
The fimple Proteftants' to undermine ;
Surely my Friend thou haft not quite forgot,
How formerly we managed a Plot ,
We by pretended Innocence did caufe,
The overthrow both of our King and Laws.
Yet ftill we are thought to be innocents,
Only we are condemn'd for Male-contents.

PAPIST.

If thus ye have by innocent difguife,
Made King and Kingdome, Laws and all a Prize ;
Of your Affiftance we may make no doubt,
For Treachery once harbour'd ne're will out,
And if of fubtle Plotters we grow fcant,
Wee'l fearch amongft ye to fupply our want,
But if we fhould do fo a pox upon't,
The Pope will fay 'tis Quakers that have don't ;
Then all our Works by him will be defpis'd
And we for Saints fhall ne're be Cannoniz'd.

QUAKER.

Fear not my Friend, we'l Rob thee of thy due,
But let us weigh what we intend to do ;
My Confcience checks me with a thoufand ftings,
And fays 'tis hainous for to murder Kings.
Me thinks I hear the Bloud for Vengeance cry,
Of Charles the firft, who innocent did dye.
And fhall we then embrew our hand again,
In Royal Bloud, nay let King Charles remain
To be our Guide, let him the Scepter fway,
And as he is Supream, let us obey.

Papift

P A P I S T.

If once you talk of Conscience I have done,
 For our Religion will allow of none;
 The Pope allows of it, and says 'tis just,
 We may contrive to please our carnal Lust;
 And for Revenge we murder may commit,
 And vve do justly, vwhen vve practise it,
 Our Doctor says a Dose of Royal Blood,
 Against Distempers is exceeding good;
 Shall vve despise it then for this pretence,
 We are afraid of checks of Conscience.

Q U A K E R.

Thou vile pretender to the Christian-Faith,
 Mind vvhat the Spirit novv vvithin me saith;
 It tells thee thus, thou may'st not hurt the King,
 Unless thou vvilt thy Soul to Ruine bring.
 Then offer not that Royal blood to touch,
 One drop of vvwhich, vvill stain thy Soul so much.
 Think not of the allowance of the Pope,
 For vvwhich the Lavvs vvill noose thee in a Rope;
 But rather think hovv thou thy mind may'st bring,
 To love and honour *Charles* our Gracious King.

P A P I S T.

What fond delusions vvorks vvithin thy Pate,
 Wilt thou to us novv prove a Reprobate,
 I thought you had been faithful in your vvays,
 But you delude us vvith your yeas and nays;
 Ne're more il'e trust a Quaker for thy sake,
 Thou to assist us once didst undertake.
 But novv our Plot is Rotten at the Root,
 You cry your Conscience vvould not let you do't,
 Hence Quaker hence. I have no more to say.
 But this, I'll be cautious be of Yea and Nay.

F I N I S.